Our brother is impriſoned by your meanes,
My ſelfe diſgraced, and the Nobility
Held in contempt, whilſt many faire promotions
Are dayly giuen to enoble thoſe
That ſcarſe ſome two dayes ſince were worth a noble.
Qu. By him that raiſde mee to this carefull height,
From that contented hap which I enioyd,
I neuer did inſence his Maieſty
Againſt the *Duke* of *Clarence*, but haue beene
An earneſt aduocate to plead for him.
My Lord, you doe mee ſhamefull iniury,
Falſely to draw mee in, ſuch vile ſuſpect.
Glo. You may deny that you were not the cauſe,
Of my Lord Haſtings late impriſonment.
Riu. She may my Lord.
Glo. She may. L. *Riuers*, why who knowes not ſo?
She may do more ſir then denying that:
She may helpe you to many preferments,
And then deny her ayding hand therein,
And lay thoſe honours on your high deſerts.
What may ſhe not? ſhe may, yea marry may ſhe.
Riu. What marry may ſhee?
Glo. What marry may ſhe? marry with a King
A batcheler, a hanſome ſtripling too.
I wis your Grandam had a worſer match.
Qu. My L. of *Gloceſter*, I haue to long borne
Your blunt vpbraidings, and your bitter ſcoffes
By heauen I will acquaint his Maieſty,
With thoſe groſſe taunts I often haue endured.
I had rather be a country ſeruant maide,
Then a Queene with this condition,
To be thus taunted, ſcorned, and baited at, *Enter Qu.*
Small ioy haue I in being *Englands* Queene. *Margret.*
Qu. Mar. And leſned be that ſmall, God I beſeech thee,
Thy honour, ſtate, and ſeat is due to mee.
Glo. What? threat you mee with telling the King?
Tell him and ſpare not looke what I ſayd,
I will auoch in preſence of the King:
Tis time to ſpeake, when paines are quite forgot.

Q. Mar.

Qu. Mar. Out Diuell, I re
Thou ſleweſt my husband *Her*
And *Edward* my poore ſonne
Glo. Ere you were Queene
I was a packe-horſe in his gre
A weeder out of his proud ad
A liberall rewarder of his f
To royallize his blood I ſpilt m
Qu. Mar. Yea, and much be
Glo. In all which time, you a
Were factious for the Houſe o
And *Riuers*, ſo were you. W
In *Margrets* battaile at Saint-
Let me put in your mind, if y
What you haue beene ere now
Withall, what I haue beene,
Qu. Mar. A murtherous vi
Glo. Poore *Clarence* did fo
Yea and forſwore himſelfe (
Qu. Mar. Which God
Glo. To fight on *Edwards*
And for his meede (poore I
I would to God my heart we
Or *Edwards* ſoft and pittyfull
I am too childiſh fooliſh for t
Qu. Mar. Hie thee to hell fo
Thou Cacodœmon, there th
Ri. My Lord of *Gloceſter* i
Which here you vrge to prou
We followd then our Lord, o
So ſhould we you if you ſ
Glo. If I ſhould be? I had
Farre be it from my heart the
Q. Mar. As little ioy (my L
You ſhould enioy, were you
As little ioy may you ſuppo
That I enioy, being the Quee
A little ioy enioyes the Quee
For I am ſhe, and altogther

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